

AMARILLO DAILY NEWS

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Only morning Newspaper in the Amarillo Country. Covers the Panhandle of Texas, Eastern New Mexico, Southern Colorado and Western Oklahoma from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance of Denver, Dallas, Fort Worth, Oklahoma City, and other papers carrying telegraphic dispatches.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

The Daily News will be delivered by carrier anywhere in Amarillo, or by mail outside of the city, for \$5.00 a year, or 50c a month, in advance.

TOP OF THE MORNING.

Insofar as suffragism is concerned, the Colorado Senator isn't a doubting Thomas.

Decided that habitual criminals must leave New York. Please head 'em Sing-sing way.

"City government should not be political," says Woodrow Wilson. Put it there, Mr. President.

Reported that a typewriter caused a war scare on the Pacific coast. Animate or inanimate?

The El Paso Herald declares that "Lafitte was one of the last of the pirates." But not the last, neighbor, not the last.

Eight Dallas girls are going to debate the question "whether it is better to marry or enter a profession." Tra la la! It pays to advertise.

Now stated that spinsters live longer than married women. Still that will not deter some from insuring their lives and taking a chance.

Texas is scoring a record for announcements and withdrawals. But Clarence Cusley has set a new pace by withdrawing before he announced.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton purposes to write a manless Bible, according to recent report. She will get about as far as a dozen paragraphs in Genesis.

The Oregonian who had four million dollars three years ago and is now under arrest, owing a hundred thousand, may qualify as the champion tumbler of the decade.

AMARILLO AND THE WEATHER.

"Why live in New York?" asks the El Paso Herald. Why, indeed. Especially when one may live in Amarillo, the Ozone Zone's Own.—Amarillo News.

Your ozone is all right barring the fact that it has a way of hitting you at a forty-mile clip with a temperature that freezes Mercury.—Houston Post.

The foregoing paragraphs are passing pleasures. They are reproduced by The News for a serious purpose. The News is going to talk just a bit about the weather, Amarillo weather, not because it has nothing better to talk about, but because the time is ripe and the occasion prompts.

Exchange Editor Davenport of The Houston Post evidences by his well-intended and semi-facitious come-back that he is laboring under a delusion which has gripped the denizens of lower Texas for the past quarter century. The delusion in this—that Amarillo is the coldest place on the continent with the strongest winds this side of Simoomland.

The News wants to set Editor Davenport and the rest of Texas right. No attempt will be made to defend the Amarillo brand of weather, for the simple reason that the Amarillo brand needs no defense. Taken by and large, in season and out, the Amarillo climate is the best in the entire southwest, and we challenge any man to disprove the assertion.

On the front page of this issue appears telegraphic report of the temperatures in various Texas cities. This report gives the following: Amarillo 65, Houston 64. One degree difference, with some five hundred miles intervening between the two cities. Get that, neighbor. In Houston it was more than likely humid and chill or humid and hot. In Amarillo, clear, windless, crisp and bracing.

Not a chance day, either. Amarillo has hundreds of the same variety, practically seventy-five per cent of the year that way.

All of this calls renewed attention to the fact that Amarillo climate has either been misunderstood or maligned. And the time has about arrived, when an effort should be made to set the outside world right.

Amarillo's weather-fame has been promoted in one chief way. Reports from the various weather bureaus have appeared in the nation's dailies for years. In the alphabetical list Amarillo appears second to top-o-column. That's about all, save and except that parties at outside points have accepted hearsay as fact and have assiduously given Amarillo a black eye by branding it as the Blizzardsville of the southwest.

The News believes in telling the truth about everything. If the weather is bad it believes in saying so. This country has nothing to keep under cover. When the wind decides to blow here, it blows, and in a hearty western fashion. But that doesn't occur often.

On the contrary, viewed from every aspect, the southwest offers no more superlatively surpassing

climate than this. And it should be heralded to the world, and capitalized. Rivaling Colorado in summer coolness, the Amarillo country should attract tourists from every section of the sweltering lowlands during the heated season. There are no hot nights here. Sleeping is a luxury worth traveling thousands of miles to indulge. There are no mosquitos to disturb slumber or make life a torment. No malaria, miasma or thick, heavy, stifling atmosphere. Clear, pure, bracing, stimulating air, the kind that acts as a tonic on the system and puts new life into the jaded.

If space allowed, comparative temperature figures would be printed to substantiate the assertions made. The News stands ready to forward them to any outsider who may be incredulous. To Editor Davenport and all others in less favored sections, The News extends cordial invitation to come to the Ozone Zone's Own. There's no latching. The door's open. You'll find it all we say, and want to stay. Come.

OUR DEPENDENCE ON IMMIGRANTS.

In the April American Magazine Mary Antin, a remarkable young Russian Jewess, writes an exceedingly entertaining and able article about immigration. Of the success of immigrants in this country and our dependence on them she says in part:

"The virility of our immigrants is indicated by the fact that the great majority of them make good. Any settlement worker, any census clerk will tell you that the history of the average immigrant family of the 'new' period is represented by an ascending curve. The descending curves are unsharpened by degenerate families of what was once prime American stock. I want no better proof of these facts than I find in the respective vocabularies of the missionary in the slums of New York and the missionary in the New England hills. At the settlement on Eldridge Street they talk about hastening the process of Americanization of the immigrant; the country minister in the Berkshires talks about the rehabilitation of the Yankee farmer. That is, the one assists at an upward process, the other seeks to reverse a downward process.

"The fact about the modern immigrant is that he is everywhere continuing the work begun by our pioneer ancestors. So much we may learn from a bare recital of the occupations of aliens. They supply the animal strength and primitive patience that are at the bottom of our civilization. In California they gather the harvest; in Arizona they dig irrigation ditches; in Oregon they fell forests; in West Virginia they tunnel coal; in Massachusetts they plant the tedious crops suitable to an exhausted soil. In the cities they build abways and sky-scrapers and railroad terminals that are the wonder of the world. Wherever rough work and low wages go together we have a job for the immigrant.

"The prouder we grow, the more we lean on the immigrant. The Wall Street magnate would be about as effective as a puppet were it not for the army of foreigners who execute his schemes. The magic of stocks and bonds lies in railroad ties and in quarried stone and in axle grease applied at the right time. A Harriman might sit till doomsday gibbering at the telephone and stock exchange would take no notice of him, if a band of nameless Dagoes a thousand miles away failed to repair a telegraph pole. New York City is building an aqueduct that will surpass the works of the Romans, and the native New Yorker will know nothing about it until he reads in the newspapers the mayor's speech at the inauguration of the new water supply.

"Our brains, our wealth, our ambitions flow in channels dug by the hands of immigrants. Alien hands erect our offices, rivet our bridges, and pile up the proud masonry of our monuments, ignoring the fact that in these mighty works the engineer as well as the laborer is often of alien race, we owe to mere muscle a measure of recognition proportionate to our need of muscle in our boasted material progress. Whatever merit there was in hewing and digging and hauling in the days of the first settlers, still inheres in the same operations today. Yes, and a little extra; for a stick of dynamite is more dangerous to handle than a crow-bar, and the steam engine makes more widows in a year than ever the Indian did with bloody tomahawk and stealthy arrow."

USE YOUR DICTIONARY EVERY DAY.

Writing an article entitled "Treasure in Books" in the April Woman's Home Companion, Laura Spencer Porter gives the following excellent advice about the advantages to be gained from the study of words:

"The study of words: it may sound to you a dry thing, yet I promise you it is not, very far from it.

"And this brings me to suggest that the habit of one of the great writers of studying carefully from a good dictionary five words each day is one from which we might all of us get a good deal of profit. Or, take a good book of synonyms, for instance, and learn from it each day five words somewhat similar, comparing and weighing carefully the meaning and value of them. Notice the degrees of force in the following: to dislike, to hate, to loathe, to detest, to abhor—each note struck is a little stronger, higher, we might say, like an ascending crescendo scale.

IT MIGHT BE BETTER.

(By George Matthew Adams.)

With all the Optimism that is spread over and into the very life of this world, there seems to be a considerable amount of Pessimism that people like to dip into and make use of.

We say: "Oh, well, it might be worse!" But Optimism and sound sense says: "Yes! But, It Might Be Better."

Instead of starting to build from the rear end of things, why not try to begin at the head of things? Why not always believe that you might have done your work Better than you did do it? Can't you see growth in this plan?

The Rocks in your way will look like Boulders just so long as you imagine that they are Boulders. Physiologists know the value of High Thinking in its effect upon the great Nervous System and all that goes with its marvelous connections. "As a man thinks, so is he," is literally true. Every time you build in your own consciousness, increased confidence, you realize in all outward circumstances, increased Power that belongs in part to you.

Whatever you do—at its close—convince yourself that It Might Be Better.

HUERTA HEARTY AT END OF YEAR

APPEARS IN BETTER HEALTH THAN WHEN HE BECAME PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT.

By Associated Press.

MEXICO, CITY, March 26.—After a year in office General Huerta appears in better health than when he undertook the presidency. The difficulties he has encountered have left no stamp upon his features. Six months ago some of his friends and most of his enemies predicted early physical collapse, and there were some who would not have been surprised had his intellect suffered as the result of the enormous odds. "Take things as they come," seems to have been the life-long philosophy of Huerta; tempered always, however, with the belief that all things come to him who waits, especially to him who waits for and seizes the big opportunity. Worrying has never been one of Huerta's failings. Nor is he a creature of routine. Regularity does not characterize his habits. He does his work when and where it suits his convenience and all members of his official family, the public, and his private family as well have to yield.

Long ago he tired of the regular cabinet meetings and announced that conference with his ministers would take place whenever he summoned them, and there would be no place regarded as sacred to that ceremony. And it has come about that questions of the greatest importance are as likely to be discussed in his private home as in the National Palace and not at all infrequently he sends word to his ministers suddenly that he would like to meet them that very morning in the woods about Chapultepec castle.

To the famous and ancient park in which the castle is located he drives in his automobile. His ministers, also arriving in their cars, wonder in just what part the president is going to see them. Their chauffeurs or aides sight the presidential car ahead one of the many drives and there begins a chase which may end in an end beneath one of the great shade trees, or beside the lake. Ministers and president alight, sit on the benches or walk along one of the intersecting footpaths and there talk of affairs which perhaps are of international importance. Back of all the president's whim, he may be late. The ministers wait. He may have altered his mind regarding affairs of state and the ministers are told to meet him later in the day or night at his home.

Nelson O. Hennessey lately was the innocent victim of forcing the minister to do what doubtless was valuable. They were walking with the president in the Chapultepec grounds when the American charged, after drove by. The president recognized his car, and remembering that there was something that he wanted to say to the American representative about, signalled him to stop. Hennessey alighted, joined the official group and was preparing to continue his drive when the president asked him to get into his car with him. The two drove off together, leaving Ministers Blauquet, Alcega and other councillors of the president staring after the car. Half an hour later Huerta sent O'Hennessey down to the cabinet meeting, resumed the interrupted cabinet meeting.

It is not unusual for the president to summon his ministers to a meeting during the middle of the night, and he has been known to call pass for cabinet meetings, have taken place in the night.

Huerta does not indulge in physical exercise as a means of recreation. He derives recreation in talking astronomy to any one who can interest him in the subject—and the man who does not seem an expert—or in dining and sitting with his intimate friends. The time he retires appears to be one of indifference, as does his arising in the morning. Usually he is up early. The lightest kind of breakfast—coffee and rolls, he gets as soon as he is awake. A little work, if he thinks of anything to do, and then he goes to bed every morning, walking down on the sidewalk in front of his house in the district known as San Rafael. After that more breakfast and then a lot of work. He goes to the Chapultepec woods in the National Palace but it is just likely he will do his morning's work at his home, summoning to him there all who may have business with him. Without much routine, and with executive mastery shown, all he can do on the day's work until seven or eight o'clock when he is ready for dinner. Dinner may be his own home or in that of one of his friends—Huerta's ideas of courtesy do not prevent him from dining where he pleases—very likely one of the public restaurants, for there is one central restaurant that has received the greater part of his patronage. Here the entrance, the president accompanied by a or two of his aides, perhaps a personal friend or two and possibly a member of his family, has long since used to be a novelty. In the days of Porfirio Diaz the visiting of a public dining place was something of a state ceremony. His coming and his going was carefully staged and the privileged to witness it were chosen among the fortunate. To the side of the National Palace he enters and retired while all others stood a restaurant keeper would have a himself justified in raising the eye on his menu if Diaz had happened in "drop in."

But Huerta conducting a democratic regime, he likes to dine in public and he is not like formalities. He moves in with no apparent concern gets a table and orders his dinner. The orchestra does not interrupt a piece it is playing merely because the president is entering and the other diners, grown accustomed to the little more than a glance from the president, do not cease their dining to see who it is dining tonight with Huerta.

PROUTY MAKES PLEA FOR RAILROAD LINES

Charles A. Prouty, until recently a member of the interstate commerce commission, and now representing said commission in charge of the valuation of railroads, in an address before the Chamber of Commerce at Cleveland, Ohio, gave advice and made suggestions that ought to be heeded by every law maker in the land. Mr. Prouty has done more, perhaps, than any other one man to enforce the laws regulating railroads and can not in any sense of the word be considered as a "tool of corporations." Nevertheless, he is a man of brains and wide experience, and knows as well, if not better, than any other living man what should be done with the railroads. Mr. Prouty in discussing railroad regulation, said:

"Under private ownership we must allow a fair return for private initiative. But where is the room for private initiative in the face of too much regulation? As a matter both of policy and expediency, we must leave as much freedom of action to the railroads and their managers as possible.

"It is difficult to answer where regulations should stop. As a partial answer in the question, let me suggest that the best way to regulate is by commission. The duty of the public to the railroads is to choose honest, intelligent and fair-minded commissioners. What hampers the railroads today more than anything else is the cloud of special legislation hostile and unfair, of every conceivable kind of law.

"Legislators can not deal intelligently with railroad operation, and in no other country do they do it. Canada's railroad commission regulates the railroads, yet with very little interference with the freedom of the railroads. The acts of England's parliament are based entirely upon the recommendations of the railroad commission. Governor Hughes of New York, after establishing the public utilities commission, voted the two-cent fare law, and he was right in doing so.

"The public should make no requirements of a railroad that are not absolutely necessary. It should demand no outlay of money that is not necessary. The people have labored under the delusion that they could take money out of a railroad treasury in any amount. This is a fallacious idea. You can't produce something from nothing. The source of all railroad income is from rates of transportation. You can not take out of a railroad treasury something that you have not put into it. This fact has not yet been brought home to the average man. The process of taking money out of a railroad's surplus can not continue.

"If the present conditions are to continue, the time must come when rates will have to be increased. Every dollar of the expense laid upon the railroads is paid by the public. The duty of the public is to cooperate with the railroads in this process of regulation. The prevalent feeling that regulation should be hostile is wrong. In the early days of the interstate commerce commission, there was a feeling of hostility between the railroads and the commissioners. We had to demonstrate that the government was blazer than the railroads, and I believe it is admitted that we have demonstrated that. Today the railroad managers take just regulation in good faith."—Austin Tribune, March 15, 1914.

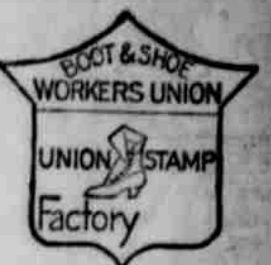
Victimized.

"Did you come back on an all-star train?" "When the waiters and porters finished picking me I felt sure that I was."

COUGHING

Keep coughing. That's one way. Stop coughing. That's another. To keep the cough, do nothing. To stop the cough, Ager's Cherry Pectoral. Sold for 75 cents. Ask Your Doctor.

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IF KIDNEYS AND BLADDER BOTHER

TAKE SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS AND NEUTRALIZE IRRITATING ACIDS.

Kidney and bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, stinging sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes somewhat with a stinging sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying,

ing, and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithium, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble. (Adv. No. 8.)

Another Exciting Game.

Friend—What were your sensations in the wreck? Victim—"Just the same as in football. Three coaches passed over me and then the doctors came."

BREATHE FREELY OPEN NOSTRILS AND STUFFED HEAD—END CATARRH

Instant Relief When Nose and Head are Clogged from a Cold. Stops Nasty Catarrhal Discharges, Dull Headache Vanishes.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, coldness, head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of

the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breathe, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dripping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in Ely's Cream Balm and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear. (No. E.)

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